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## The New Phase of the War.

Fighting in the open is an erratic and fleeting phase of the offensive before Cambrai. It is not likely that even the dashing Byng will again discover so dazzling an opportunity as that which awaited him in the gray mists of daybreak last Tuesday. Romantic as his drive has been, it is more in the nature of a coup d'état than a permanent addition to the science and strategy of the war.

It is not detracting a whit from Gen. Sir Julian Byng's achievement to speak of it in this fashion. He accomplished a modern miracle, indeed, in getting away from the routine and the slaughter of trench warfare, even if only for a few days. He has demonstrated anew the enduring, though occasional value of the "surprise attack," given the tanks a new and far more formidable place in strategy, and done for the cavalry in this war what Sheridan and Jubal Early did for the cavalry in the civil war.

He has not accomplished the impossible, as some people think. The persistent iteration of the slogan that the Hindenburg line has been broken, technically true as it may be, is misleading to the layman. Berlin is right in saying that the British have not "broken through," for the simple reason that the system of trench lines beyond Cambrai simply precludes the possibility of much more immediate "fighting in the open." As soon as the British advance slackens—and it is already slackening—the Germans will dig themselves in, as Gen. Maurice says, and that means the resumption of trench warfare.

Whether Cambrai falls in the near future or not, its value to the Germans is lost. It is a railroad center, and the British guns, now within two and a half miles, can dominate all its supply depots and its traction. It would not be surprising to see the Germans evacuate the city in the face of the terrific fire that is now being leveled against it. And the evacuation of Cambrai will be the precursor of a general and substantial German retirement.

The possibility of far-reaching results from the Byng drive along the Scarpe-St. Quentin sector should delude no one into false logic. The tremendous artillery assaults on Paschendaele ridge, the whole Titanic conflict in Flanders, were an essential preliminary to the events which took place a few miles to the south. Gen. Maurice says: "The Ypres-Cambrai battles must be linked together because the former made possible the latter, and the men who fought at Ypres deserve as much credit for the success at Cambrai as those who took part in it."

It may be that another colossal old-line attack, preceded by artillery bombardment, will give the French and British another such golden chance as that which they seized last Tuesday. But it is unlikely that the methodical, thorough-going Prussian will again be caught napping, although the recrudescence of the tanks are bound to change his program of strategy to a certain extent.

The battle of Cambrai has not changed the Western front in its fundamental aspects. The need for continuing pressure of blood and metal, for the creation of steam-rollers even more huge than those we have already seen, is greater than ever.

## A Jig-Saw Puzzle Nation.

Russia refuses to crumble. Notwithstanding she has no government; notwithstanding she has no central control, with even the tradition of federalization evaporating rapidly, with her alleged leaders pygmies that even post-Diaz Mexico would have spurned; despite all these things she remains peaceful and solid—or stolid—business, as the war saying goes, is "as usual."

There has been no such remarkable spectacle of infirmity of national will combined with tenacity of national fabric in modern history. Russia is not in anarchy. Her people, following the true ideal of a "nation of villagers," go about their daily work almost undisturbed by the chaos at Petrograd. The nation is not the prey of violence, of disorder, of crime. The reign of the Bolsheviks is not a "reign of terror" or an orgy of blood. Not even the threat of communism, of dividing up all the lands and all the goods of Russia among the poor people has undermined or sapped the inherent integrity of Russian character. Vast sections of her population, under Zemstvo, or local control, are unaware that their nation is headless and are as orderly and industrious as if nothing had happened.

If this sort of thing goes on much longer Russia will cease to be a nation and become an agglomeration of Zemstvos, or local bounds, remotely similar in operation to our States. What difference does it make to the average Russian? For centuries government has meant nothing to him but suppression and despotism. Government as a service, and as a function has always meant to him the local authorities. Therefore he sees no reason for getting excited over the doings at Petrograd.

Apparently the Cossacks are the only people who are getting excited about it, and it is doubtful if they can establish a stable and authentic government all by themselves. The Cossacks, whose ancestors were fighting giants of the steppes of Tartary, come by their fighting blood naturally. Their leader, Gen. Kallin, lines, has the good wishes of all Americans, but it is doubtful if he can overcome Slavic phlegm.

## Part Way, or All the Way In?

When Congress meets it is likely to be all stirred up over giving Uncle Sam a more decent, if not, indeed, more honorable standing in the great war.

We are not at war with Austria, Turkey or Bulgaria. We are providing money and munitions for the killing off of Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians. No older of these nations would hesitate to kill an American soldier. Should American soldiers come to face with Austrian, Turkish, or Bulgarian forces, there would be a fight, without any preliminary investigation into the diplomatic or formal relations of the countries.

In short, we are in the equivocal, if not shameful, position of killing people with whom we are at peace, and it has somewhat of the aspect of bloody brigandage. Very likely, we lose much by it, too. Declarations of war upon these three nations would undoubtedly

have effect upon their morale as allies of Germany. Besides, how can we sit at a peace table, with worldwide democracy our honest purpose, and help fix the destinies of people whom we're merely stabbed in the back with our money and munitions? How can we honorably claim that this is an issue between civilization and barbarism, when our national attitude is that of peace and soft-dealing toward such professional barbarians as the Turks and Bulgars?

In respect of these three nations, we are a neutral doing all we can, save shooting, to put them out of business. It hath an ugly, a German look.

## It Carries Along.

"There is no more potent force than song in developing unity in an army," declares an American army officer with the forces in France.

The potency is there, also, wherever a multitude of any sort, on any occasion, is confronted by a crisis. The "Marseillaise" arouses and unites a distracted nation. "Nearer My God to Thee," as the great ship sinks, with hundreds of passengers at last bound together as brothers and sisters by a common fate! The Star Spangled Banner passed, but a whole nation rising to it when the tuning-fork of Fate sounds national peril!

The song of the multitudes is the honest expression of inspiration and spirit. Regardless of words and harmonies, it is the torrent of a mighty purpose. In it are the tingling nerves of the aged, the fearless ardor of youth, the hot determination of the middle-aged. In it the halt, the blind, the weak, the despairing, may be giants. It is rhythm making warriors of human mixture. In it a common brotherhood, with no excuses asked for deficiencies or inability. It is a totem for the arming of truth and justice. It is the challenge of the masses to wrong. It binds and moves.

The glorious vision seen, the multitude roars in song, united in spirit.

To open battle with a song was no unusual thing with the nations of old. We may yet see our boys crossing bloody No Man's Land with a song that will hold them together and make them still the more "Our Boys."

## Now for Gunless Days.

Cheer up! One of our distinguished theists springs upon your gladsome holiday season a new reason why you will starve to death. It's a double-edged reason, too, for it provides that if you don't starve during the war, you surely will afterward.

Representing the United States Department of Agriculture, Mr. E. F. Smith has just delivered a lecture before the National Academy of Science, at Pennsylvania University, in which he says that not only are the pro-Germans organized to burn our wheat, but that every gun fired in Europe burns up a definite quantity of the rare fixed nitrogen required as the basic fertilizer for grain.

Mr. Smith surely serves up the true gloom. If the Germans can burn up our crops of this year and our soldiers over there burn up the basis of next year's crops, we're goners. But it will not be Mr. Smith who's to blame. As an attaché of the United States Department of Agriculture, he's distributing the guns as thickly and widely as he can. Muzzle the guns! Save fertilizer! Of course, we might ask Mr. Smith what's doing with the millions voted for government nitrate plants, but we won't.

What this nation needs, just now, is a lot of Smiths, department heads, professional theorists, and academics of science, pounding around the country tarring on the real gloom. Such do almost as much good as the professional pacifists.

Judging by the way they're bucking his line, Von Hindenburg has been given the wrong steer on the Haig signals.

Berne peace congress adjourned because nobody but Germans attended. There's a bright white light on the peace movement.

American poets' committee has raised \$128,000.23, all cash, to help out the Italians. If this war teaches poets how to raise cash, it's a hummer, all right.

Here's the proofreader again. "Wm. Noss was shot in the head while rabbit hunting. Physicians believe they can avoid amputation," says an Illinois paper.

The prize for optimistic patriotism is hereby handed the man who came in to call our attention to the fact that it takes more saliva to moisten the new 3-cent stamp than the old 2-cent required.

The next call to selective service may catch most of the baseball stars, fatally adding to the uncertainties of the game, 'tis feared by the sport writers. After Zimmerman's pursuit of Collins across the home plate, you can't add many more uncertainties to the game without "cracking" it, all right. Yep, we were one of the cute ones who had the Zimmerman end, financially speaking, that day.

## Hezekiah's Progress.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator Porter J. McCumber, of North Dakota, referred to the progress of the farmer, and smilingly recalled this little story:

Uncle Josh was on his way to town one afternoon, and chancing to see his friend Abner working in an adjacent field, he paused for a small chat over the barbed wire fence. Incidentally inquiry was made after Abner's eldest son, Hezekiah.

"Hezekiah is in the city now," answered Abner, with some show of pride. "Been there most a year."

"Yes, I know that," returned Uncle Josh. "What I was wonderin' was which side he was on."

"Which side he was on," queried Abner, with a puzzled expression. "I don't just quite get it."

"What I mean, Abner," explained Uncle Josh, "is Hezekiah buyin' gold bricks yet, or has he started in to sell 'em?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Types.

Consider well the printer's type,  
'Tis not a human thing;  
It does not reason, that's a pipe,  
Nor does it laugh and sing;  
It has no voice with which it prates  
Or whistles, prattles, sings,  
Yet see how well it imitates  
A happy robin's "Twe-e-t!"

It does not feel the chilly wind  
That frequently occurs,  
Hence does not shiver, yet you'll find  
How very well it "Gr-r-rs."  
It's not poetic, like to us,  
Though while that sense is dumb,  
Its sense of rhythm's perfect, thus:  
"Teg-iddy-iddy-um."

You cannot take it by surprise—  
Why that's absurd, you know,  
You off its guard, when it repeats  
Its sweetest letter, "tetter, so;  
'Tis sense of smell is quite acute—  
(This may surprise you too)  
Without the aid of any snout  
It just records at "P-e-e-u!"

And while it may be said of type  
'Tis not a human thing,  
And cannot think, no more than tripe  
Or cuttlefish can sing,  
It still is true beyond a doubt—  
Conceded North and South—  
It makes us understand without  
A shooting off its mouth!  
—John D. Wells in the Buffalo Evening News.

## AND WE'RE PLAYING FOR A MILLION LIVES A POINT



## BOOK REVIEW

**Old Man Curry, and Other Yarns of the Track.** By Charles E. Van Loan. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

Old Man Curry is a lovable and picturesque character, as depicted by Charles Van Loan in his new book just from the press of the wide-awake George H. Doran Company. The old gentleman, with true horse-racing instincts has a string of horses all named after the prophets, and some of them run with no end of profits. The stories are fast and full of life, they thrill you. They had great vogue in the magazines and in book form we can think of nothing that would more satisfactorily amuse and kill time at the same time.

**Herself, Himself and Myself.** by Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper Brothers. Frontispiece. Price, \$1.35. Irish wit and fairy lore are delightfully mingled in a story baffling to describe in the conventional terms that slip from the reviewer's pen. A suggestion of the unique quality of the book, just published by the Harpers, lies in the title, "Herself, Himself, and Myself," in which Ruth Sawyer, the author of "Seven Miles to Arden," recounts the story of a girl left an orphan at an early age, who is tenderly reared by her Irish nurse with the loyal assistance of a trio of friends—Little Huns, Mr. Mayberry, and Paul Godfrey.

The charm that lies in every page of the story escapes all definition or description. There hangs a fugitive, wistful delight about these pages like the perfume of a rare flower. It can be captured only by a perusal of the story itself, and can be conveyed nowhere.

**How to Write for Moving Pictures.** by Marguerite Berwick. A manual of instruction and instruction. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated from photographs. Price, \$1.50 net.

"How to Write for Moving Pictures" is not only a book which can be appreciated by those who desire practical enlightenment on this subject or who care to use it as a text book, but also one which anyone who is at all interested in the movies and who isn't will enjoy reading. It not only takes up exhaustively the subject of "writing the photograph," including usable models, but also the same time, presents these details in such readable form as to make them interestingly explanatory to the most cursory reader.

The author has gone to elaborate pains to awaken in interested workers a sense of fresh plots, devoting a score of words while chapters toward this end.

**The Green Mirror.** by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

A story somewhat in the manner of this author's "The Duchess of Wrexham." It interprets the problem of the younger generation, and pictures the revolt of young lives against a social tyranny imposed by the old order. The book gives a characteristically Walpolean study of old Victorian family life in a great house in London.

There comes into this sober household a young girl, Philipp Morris, son of an old friend of the family, and recently from Russia and a Bohemian existence. He and Katherine, a sister in the household, fall in love at first sight, and become betrothed in the face of bitter opposition. At the point

**A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.** By John Kendrick Bangs.

**MOTHER MARTIN.** The earth is old with countless years—She's old in joy and old in tears. None can compute the wondrous store Of hours that comprise the score. And yet for all of that she goes to Through summer suns and winter snows.

As ardently and fresh and sweet As though no age had dogged her feet, Fruitful and smiling, and serene She runs along all fresh and green. And gives us life, and gives us rest, And clings us close unto her breast. And bids us manifestly to win The precious gifts that lie within. Dear Mother Martin for all thy good I think on thee in gratitude.  
Copyright, 1917.

where Katherine realizes the sacrifice to his career he is about to make for her, in the light of sudden exaltation she closes with him to London. The book ends with the two happily married and the problem solved.

**Private Pent.** by Harold R. Post. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Sixteen full-page illustrations. Price, \$1.50 net.

"Two years in hell and back with a smile," is the slogan of this latest war novel, told from actual experience by a member of the first Canadian overseas. Pent tells his story from the hour of his enlistment until the moment he "got his" and lay in the open two nights and a day before the stretcher-bearers found him. Told in deadly earnest, yet in a fighting man's humor, with a full realization of what he is fighting for and what defeat would mean.

## Newsie Notes

Dana Burnett, author of "Poems and The Shining Adventure," sailed last week for France for the purpose of collecting literary material. Readers of "Poems" will recall that long before this country entered the war Mr. Burnett put in his verses his burning sympathy for our present allies.

The service flag of Harper & Brothers, the publishers, shows twenty-seven stars for their employees who have enlisted voluntarily. The first enlistment goes back to June, 1916, for service on the Mexican border. The navy has provided the most popular of the services, but all the others—regular army, National Guard, aviation corps and Signal Corps, are represented.

"The Adventures," a new Craig Kennedy detective novel by Arthur B. Reeve, is published this week by the Harpers. The wireless, the dictaphone and other new scientific methods are used.

Harold MacGrath, whose new novel of adventure, "The Luck of the Irish," takes the reader from New York to Singapore, has travelled extensively in Europe and in the East. Yet, he admitted the other day that he has never managed to get to the British Isles, not from lack of trying, but because he always planned to go on from Italy, and when he was in that country was so held by its charm that he could not make up his mind to leave it until it was time to sail home to America.

Kipling lovers, and especially Kipling collectors, will be greatly interested in a little book about to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., called "The Less Familiar Kipling, and Kiplingisms," by G. F. Monkshood.

That short stories "do not sell" is a fallacy that continues to live in spite of abundant evidence to the contrary. The latest writer to serve as an example in disproof of this belief is Thomas Burke, whose book of stories of London's Chinatown, "Limehouse Nights," is now in its third edition. The publishers, Robert M. McBride & Co., announce that they are about to send a fourth edition to the press.

**Foebishment.** A girl by the name of Kate Mink was new at the ice-skating rink. The sixth fall she had made. Made her terribly sad. Said she: "I'll just sit here and think."

**TREASURY STATEMENT.** Receipts and disbursements November 25, 1917.

RECEIPTS.	
Currency receipts	\$250,000.00
Ordinary internal revenue receipts	2,400,000.00
Income tax receipts	\$5,257.29
Miscellaneous receipts	27,804.12
Total ordinary receipts	\$30,000,000.00
Public debt receipts	20,725,418.00
Balance previous day	\$2,500,000.00
Total	\$53,225,418.00
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Ordinary disbursements	\$50,000,000.00
Panama Canal disbursements	\$5,441.37
Public debt disbursements	15,641.00
Balance in general fund today	\$2,500,000.00
Total	\$71,046,442.37

## The Open Forum.

**DENIES LIQUOR CASE REPORT.** Robert W. Wells Says Dry Law Decision Still Pending.

Editor The Washington Herald: "The report published in your paper that in the habeas corpus proceedings for the release of Edward Mahoney, Judge Charles W. Heusler, of the Baltimore City Court, declared the Prince George County dry law to be unconstitutional is absolutely incorrect. On the contrary, Judge Heusler expressed a very serious doubt as to the constitutionality of the Prince George statute and only remanded the prisoner because he said he, as a nisi prius judge, felt bound to resolve that doubt in favor of the State so far as these particular proceedings were concerned. Mr. Mahoney is now out on bond.

"The court made no decision to the effect that this law was an emergency measure, but on the contrary made it perfectly clear during the argument in his replies to counsel on both sides that the statute did not meet the requirements of the emergency clause of Article XVI of the constitution of the State of Maryland. He went on further to say that he could not consider the law as a whole as any part of the law or of any binding force.

"Judge Heusler announced that he was in a different situation from the Court of Appeals with reference to passing upon the constitutionality of the statute and that he was a part of his reason for his conclusion in this proceeding. He was in doubt as to whether laws dealing with license or prohibition were within the purview of the article of the constitution in question and upon that doubt only the issue turned.

"The public may not know that my client was invited by a vote of the people of Prince George County to take out the licenses upon which they stand and that some of my clients spent from \$10,000 to \$15,000 upon the fact of that vote, which vote was provided for at the regular session of the very legislature which, at its extraordinary session, passed this confiscatory act without conforming to the constitution of Maryland as to its being an emergency measure and without making any provision whatever for even the return of a large portion of unexpired license moneys taken from my clients by the State.

"One habeas corpus is no bar to others and has no decisive force as to the question we are seeking to quickly raise so that the whole matter may be at once heard in the Court of Appeals in the face of reaching the Court of Appeals at once tends to deny to some forty-seven citizens with an investment of many thousands of dollars at the instance and approval of the people of their own community a speedy remedy in the courts.

"The legislature is soon to meet and a decision as to the constitutionality of this law is of great moment, as well to the people of our country as to my clients."

"ROBERT W. WELLS."

**SCORES FUND RAISING.** J. C. Cunningham Says Too Much Money Is Sought by Societies.

"Editor The Washington Herald:—I may be wrong, but it seems to me that this world has "done gone and kicked clear out of the traces." Everybody seems to be holding out his hand for a dollar. I am going to ask a question here hoping no one will think hard of me, as I am simply asking for information: Why is it that after the government of the United States has called for and has been successful in getting billions of dollars to carry on this great war, and to take care of the soldiers she is preparing to put in the field, there are so many little unnecessary "side shows" to get money out of the people?

"I very much fear that the country is being 'worked' somewhat overtime by sharps who seem bent upon taking advantage of the people's patriotism. All of us want to do something to help win this war; and it doesn't take very much to get our money when it is asked for in the name of helping our soldiers who are fighting to uphold the Stars and Stripes of this glorious old country. But it must be borne in mind that all of the fakes and sharps are not dead yet.

## UNITED STATES FLEE IN BEING

America's Invaluable Services.

By CHARLES DAWBARN.  
(in the London Chronicle.)  
It is not the American way to fear publicity. Uncle Sam likes to act in the broad eye of day and to have his deeds emblazoned for his own encouragement. But the English are secretive—perhaps this is one of the revelations of the war. In any case, a veil of silence has been dropped over American naval action in the service of the allies—in conformity with British traditions. Being in Rome the working of the two services are furnished in this particular, Rome holds its tongue and looks wise. Not the least of American services to England is her readiness to become dumb and anonymous because the English are so much in the way with the British navy.

And yet it would not do to suppose that our cousins have not contributed very sensibly to the reduction of the peril which awaits us on the waters round this coast. Sir Eric Geddes paid handsome tribute to them in his maiden speech as first lord in command. The United States "Jackies" is a fine fellow, and one of his finest attributes is his speedy adaptation to the new conditions of service in European waters. He has become our "Jack Tar" in the most literal sense, whereby a man (and the same applies to officers) can transmit the greater part of his pay to his dependents. It is done through the allotment bureau at Washington. With all the money passing in the mails, thus the "Jackies" ashore have little more to spend than our own men. The same system is adopted by our Canadians at the front, whereby their pay is "cut" to about Tommy Atkins' level.

**The Family Feeling.** Gratifying examples of co-operation between the two services are furnished every day. Officers and crews of the two fleets in being like each other so well that they "get mad" as each other, as the Americans say—just as if they were members of the same family. Accidents occur in the best regulated families. They are inseparable from the sea. Thus, collisions take place and errors in identification. In some cases both sides are involved, participate when both are involved. Perhaps the senior officer will be British and the two juniors American—or the senior will be American and the others British. It is a very nice thing, British and American destroyers swing at the same buoy and follow each other in their sea practices. At one base a converted cinema hall is now a headquarters for the blue-jackets of the two nations. They are

fully watched, will come holding out their hands to the names of the Red Cross. Some will come in the name of the White Cross (while the preachers will bring up the rear in the name of Jesus), all taking advantage of the general public that has an open heart to do good. "Christmas is fast approaching now, and the people will do well to know for what purpose and to whom they give their money when that money is asked for in the name of helping our soldier boys. I have endeavored to help and to do my bit whenever called upon. But if this 'side show' business keeps on it will drive me to thinking about 'self first' and 'myself' will hold out my hat as Christmas is fast approaching and go up and down the streets singing: 'If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite; For the least you do for J. C. Will be precious in his sight.' "J. C. CUNNINGHAM."

**Give Your Boy the Chance.** The editor of the American Boy Magazine figures that while he is in school, especially while he is in high school, the average boy earns \$25.00 a day. He reaches this conclusion by contrasting the average earnings of an educated man and an uneducated man for a life-time, and while the statistic is rather low, perhaps not much better than guess work, the fact remains. The educated boy, as we have reminded you before, becomes an officer in civil life as he does in military life, while the boy who has had little training remains a private. There are many brilliant exceptions to this rule, of course, but we want to give our boys all the advantages. Let's give them just as much schooling as we can. Let's especially discourage them from the idea that they can profitably stay out of school to work for money—Farm Life.

**CAR FITTED UP LIKE HOME.** All the conveniences of a cozy, pleasure yacht have been provided for in a one-ton truck which started on a journey from Boston to Seattle a few weeks ago and which is described in the latest issue of the popular Popular Mechanics Magazine. Immediately back of the driver's seat is a steel framework supporting three spring beds, one above the other. The truck is fitted with a bathroom, a kitchen, a dining room, a living room, a bedroom, and a carport. On one side is a gas stove, a set of drawers, a sink, and a cupboard. On the other side is a bureau with eight drawers, and an ice box with a capacity for 50 pounds of ice.

**A. D. I. M. D. S. F. P. D. B. A. F.** One of the minor tasks of the British soldier is to learn the language of initials. All departments, offices and subdivisions are of course known by their initials, and as these departments and offices are added to, and necessarily call for more precise definition, the mystic title steadily increases in number and complexity.

One of the latest achievements is the A. D. I. M. D. S. F. P. D. B. A. F., or, in other words, the assistant director, implements and machinery department, food production department, board of agriculture and fisheries—Christian science Monitor.

**Claiming Credit.** "What makes that hen of yours cackle so loudly?" inquired Jenkins of his neighbor.

"Why, they've just laid a cornucopia for the new workingmen's club across the road, and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## WHAT THEY SAY AT THE WASHINGTON HERALD

## "A Friend of a Friend Of a"

Hundreds of years ago—so long ago that his name faded with the years and was dispersed with the dead ashes of yesterday's yesterday, a wise man spoke these words:

"Remember! thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend."

Had he spoken of The HERALD he could not have been more pat!

For those who use The HERALD's column never forget—and they COME BACK!

Always they sense the fact that The HERALD is a friend who introduced and vouched for the thousands of friends.

And what friends, indeed! Friends of the HOME and FIRESIDE!

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